

SACRIFICE

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keenness. Have you any
other order
to give me ?

Raghupati

My boy, my darling, how can
I tell
you hoA*^T deep is my love for
you ?

Jaising

No, Master, do not tell me of
love.
Let me think only of duty*
Love,
like the green grass, and the
trees,
and life's music, is only for the
surface
of the world* It comes and
vanishes
like a dream. But underneath
is duty,
like the rude layers of stone,
like a
huge load that nothing can
move,

[They go out.]

*(Enter GOVINDA and
CHANDPAL,)*

Chandpal

Sire, I warn you to be
careful,

Govinda

Why ? What do you
mean ?